Seeing the world with the aid of The White Star Line steamers

Judson. Grenell

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Grinnell Realty Co., Props.
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The Hotel Metropole

New and First Class
European Plan

DETROIT

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European Plan
$1.00 to $3.00
PER DAY

Hot and Cold Water and Telephones in all Rooms. A High Grade Cafe, Restaurant and Buffet in Connection. Prices Moderate.

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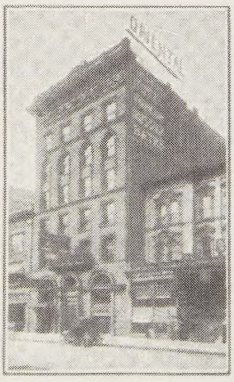

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ONE BLOCK EAST OF WOODWARD AVE.

DETROIT, MICH.

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100 Rooms $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00

INCLUDING SHOWER, PLUNGE
BATH AND BATH
ROBE

Turkish, Russian and Electric Baths
FINEST IN THE CITY

GEORGE FULWELL, Prop.

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TOLEDO, OHIO

In the Heart of the City
COR. ST. CLAIR AND MADISON AVES.

Running Water, Telephone and Electric
Fan in Every Room

RATES: AMERICAN PLAN $2.50 AND UP
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Finest Cafe in State in Connection. Sensible Prices.

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The Tunnel City

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Rooms 75c to $1.50 per day
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Especially Desirable for Ladies Without Escort — NO BAR

WHEN IN DETROIT STOP AT

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Corner of Adams Avenue and Park Street

In the center of the Theatre, Shopping and Business District. Has large Convention Hall. Has grand Roof Garden Cafe. Music from 6:00 to 12:00 p. m. Every room has private bath.

Rates $1.50 per Day and Up
EUROPEAN PLAN **L. W. Tuller, Prop.**

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ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

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Service Strictly First Class in Every Particular.
The Only Hotel in Detroit Featuring the American Plan. Our Table is Unequalled for the Price.

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When in Detroit "LIFE IS WORTH LIVING" at the

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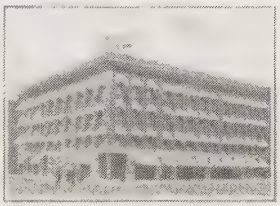
75 ROOMS 25 ROOMS WITH BATH
RATES—**$1.00** per Day and Upwards
Hot and Cold Water Telephone in Each Room
2 Minutes' Walk to Theatres, Boats and Shopping Districts

63-65 Griswold Street - - DETROIT, MICH.
Corner Jefferson Avenue Opposite Suburban Station



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Burns Hotel

Cadillac Square
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EUROPEAN PLAN
Rates, $1.00 Per Day and Upwards

Fine Cafe and Grill Room

JAS. D. BURNS **A. JAS. SINGELYN**
Proprietors

"The Spot for Hearty Appetite and Perfect Sleep"

The Star Island House

MICHIGAN'S FAMOUS SUMMER RESORT

REACHED BY WHITE STAR LINE STEAMERS

Star Island, St. Clair Flats, Mich.

ESTABLISHED 1878. 35 YEARS UNDER SAME MANAGEMENT

Star Island Particularly Appeals to Parties or Individuals Wishing to Spend Week-Ends Away from the City

Select Dancing Parties Every Evening

STAR ISLAND is in the Heart of the St. Clair Fishing Grounds, The Venice of America. Boats, Skilled Punters, Rods, Bait, and all necessaries for fishing. Sail boats, row boats, steam and gasoline launches. Bathing, bowling, lawn tennis, outdoor and aquatic sports. Large roomy verandas with lounging chairs, overlooking an ever-changing panorama of America's great merchant marine. More tonnage annually passes on the St. Clair River than passes any other point in the world, not even excepting the Suez Canal.

PRIVATE DINING ROOMS for SPECIAL PARTIES
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE CONNECTION

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1913—RATES FOR SEASON—1913

Breakfast 50c Dinner and Supper 75c
Special Rates by the Week

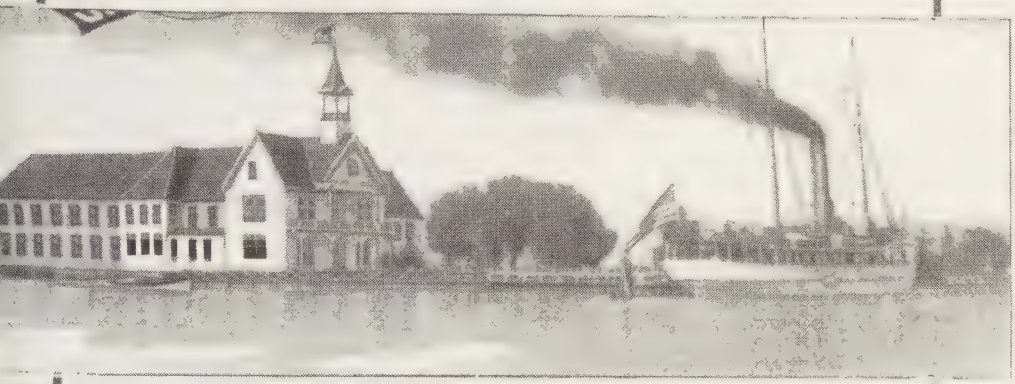
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN PRIVATE SUPPERS

Send for Illustrated Booklet, care
White Star Line Steamers, Detroit, Mich.

Star Island House, Mich.

The Marshland

A Family Hotel



"The Flats"—St. Clair River

Motor Launches, Row Boats
Fishing Tackle, Bait, Etc., for
Hire at Moderate Prices

We Take Special Pride in Our

Chicken and Fish Suppers

Our location gives two hours between the arrival up of the City of Toledo and return on the Tashmoo

The Patronage of Clubs, Societies and Social Parties Particularly Solicited. Long Distance Telephone

RATES ☛ $1.50 per Day and up—$9.00 per Week and up

MRS. EDWIN E. HENN
Proprietor

Riverside Hotel

The FLATS—ST. CLAIR RIVER

Under New Management

ENTIRELY REMODELLED and REFURNISHED
BATHS IN CONNECTION—EVERYTHING NEW

Rates { $ 2.00 per day and upward
10.00 per week and upward
SINGLE MEALS 75 CENTS

WE SERVE THE BEST CHICKEN, FROG AND FISH DINNER ON THE FLATS

MRS. CHARLES A. GADD, Manager

To Enjoy "THE FLATS" go to Joe's

The 8:45 a. m. Boat
from Detroit
gives
seven hours for fishing
and frolic

$1.50 per Day, Meals 50 cts.
Per Week $9.00

The 2:30 p. m. Boat
from Detroit
gives
an hour for a bounteous
50-cent supper

New Bath and Toilet Rooms
Up to Date

Joe Bedore's Hotel AT THE FLATS

NEW ROOF GARDEN, SCREENED WITH WIRE NETTING FOR PROTECTION AGAINST MOSQUITOES

JOE keeps a complete line of sporting paraphernalia for those who love to row, hunt and fish. There is not a nook or spot in all the Flats where the finny tribe abound but what Joe Bedore is familiar with. A handsome dancing pavilion surrounded by shady willows, where picnic parties are welcome. Good music; grounds for sports and games. His hotel is a favorite resort for everybody who likes to go in for a good time. You find yourself surrounded by plenty of everything simple and homelike. The tables are heaped with appetizing victuals. The rooms are airy and cheerful and the beds inviting. It is not necessary to fatten your purse with bills to enjoy the hospitality of Joe Bedore.

"Give me a call and I'll give you a good time"

JOE BEDORE, Prop.

THE INTERURBAN WAY

Pleasure jaunts by boat are wonderfully refreshing. The rivers and lakes in the heat of summer renew the vigors of life. So, too, do the many interurban electric railway trips out of Detroit. Between rides on the White Star Line palatial steamers take a journey out into the country. Ask the uniformed announcer at the Interurban waiting room what we have to offer.

DETROIT UNITED LINES

Hotel Sattler Tashmoo Landing

Boating, Bathing

Dancing, Fishing

Our new open air dining room overlooking the St. Clair River, seating capacity over one hundred persons, is an added attraction.

Special Chicken and Fish Dinners on arrival of Strs. Tashmoo and City of Toledo 50 Cents

Right at Water's Edge. Maple Leaf, tenth house to left of Tashmoo Park Landing. Rates: $1.50 per day. $9.00 per week, including meals. Finest private hotel on Flats; beautiful homelike surroundings; cuisine the finest. Two minutes' walk from Tashmoo Park, where dancing and games are indulged in every day. T. J. SATTLER, Prop.

Lemke's Summer Resort

Walter Lemke, Proprietor

Harsen's Island, Sans Souci, Mich.

Convenient to Tashmoo Park

RATES $2.00 PER DAY
Special Rates by the Week

Special Chicken and Fish Dinners
Served on arrival of boats

Boerth's Quick Lunch

108 Woodward Ave.
Near Congress

Ladies' and Gents' Dining Room in Congress Street Entrance

Main Floor

Don't Forget

Our Popular Prices
One Minute Service
Cleanliness
Home Cooking *and*
Quality of Food

Hunting?
Fishing?
All the Comforts?

YES at FORSTER'S HOTEL

(Formerly Gen. Trout's)

At "THE FLATS"—From the ship canal up to Algonac there is no spot on the channel more attractive. The house itself is fitted up with every convenience, and the comfort of our guests is the chief aim of the management. A desirable point near the best fishing and hunting grounds, and with a complete line of all the requisites demanded by sportsmen, there need be no fear of anyone being unable to obtain just what he wants. Rates $1.50 per day. Meals 50c.

WM. P. FORSTER, Proprietor

Seeing the World

WITH THE AID OF

The White Star Line Steamers

MARGERY BEAN of Detroit, Mich., Just Out of a "Finishing" School, Resolves to Know Something About the World in Her Immediate Vicinity, and Uses The White Star Line Steamers for This Purpose — Where She Went and What She Discovered

By JUDSON GRENELL

PUBLISHED BY

THE WHITE STAR LINE

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

1913

Scene Along Shore

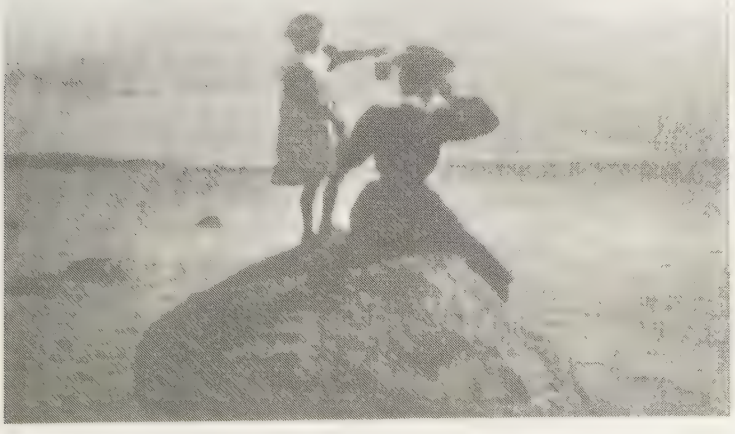
Extracts From The Diary *of* A Curious Woman

WHY NOT? I said to myself. And echo answered, Why not? My education is "finished," I said to myself; I know everything teachers and books can tell me (said I to myself, as I winked the other eye), and now all I need to do to become "famous" is to keep a Diary, place therein my innermost thoughts, and have my executors publish it after I am dead. Of course, this way of becoming famous won't do me any good, but my children (I'm blushing at the idea of having any, for it presumes knowledge of many things about which a young woman is supposed to know nothing) can have the satisfaction of telling how smart their mother was.

So I have gone to Macauley's, selected the largest Diary in stock, taken it home, and have already begun to record my "experiences."

My! What fun it is going to be—this keeping a Diary. In my Diary I can record all those things of which I would not dare to tell my friends of either sex. For they might think me bold, or impertinent, or too knowing, or frightfully egotistical—a la Marie Bashkirtseff. Anyway, for one thing, I am going to tell the truth, no matter how hard it may be; and a Diary is about the only thing to which it is safe to always talk truthfully.

And now, little Diary, a word about myself. I was born with a burning desire to know what's what. I'm curious. My name's an interrogation (?) mark. That's the truth, but my acquaintances call me Margery—my real intimates say Mag. Add Bean, and you have it all. I'm going to chance that last name, the first good chance—perhaps.



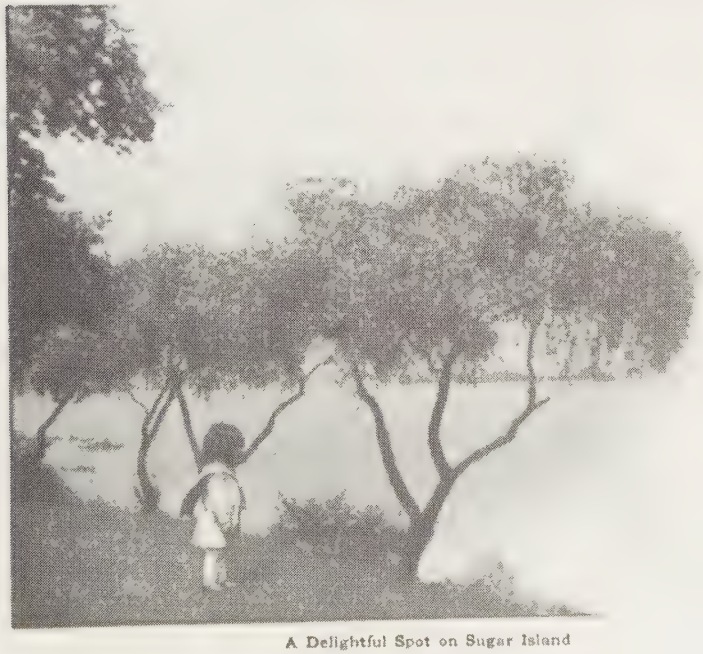
A Trip at the St. Clair Flats

What am I like? In looks like any other girl just out of a finishing school where slang is taboo, but in which the girls talk little else—when alone. I know how to primp, to make a curl ($7.50 at the hair dressing establishment) fascinate a susceptible youth, make fudge, dance, play the piano (but I hate it), and be Miss Innocence personified. But I don't know anything of any practical value, and I have never seen the world.

What I have resolved to do first is to see the world. Both Pa and Ma are just dears, but they have kept me at home and in school too much. I want to see things for myself—Nature and Art, everything being art that isn't nature. And to see the world I am going to begin right at home. I am going to KNOW Detroit, and what is just outside Detroit; then still further away, for that purpose using the transportation facilities that will take me wherever I want to go. Alone, maybe, some of the time; with companions—maybe the dear companion of my lifetime—at other times. But I'm going to see—my curiosity shall be satisfied. What I shall not see isn't going to be worth seeing; what I will not know will only be things that are beyond my experiences. There, now.

My! I've filled several pages already, and haven't told a blessed thing, yet. But I'm going to make a start by announcing that George has invited me to be "the other one" on a river trip tomorrow, on the White Star Line, and within the sound of the whistles of whose boats live a million people. I wonder how it will seem, to a girl just out of a finishing school, to be alone, all day, with an interesting young man? And no chaperone. Hurrah!

P. S.—Are girls born just to get married and be—mothers? I like the idea of being loved—and loving. But before I'm "hitched" for life I'm going to nose around in the matrimonial market and see what it looks like. If it doesn't take my fancy, I shall, well, balk. What little I have already observed tells me that the devoted lover doesn't always make an all-wool-and-yard-wide hubby. They seem to forget more than they remember. Ah, well, I shall see—perhaps.



A Delightful Spot on Sugar Island

White Star Line Steamer Tashmoo Leaves Detroit for All Points on the Beautiful St. Clair River, Daily 8:45 A. M.

Margery Takes a Trip to Port Huron and Indites Her Impressions of the Scenery and the Boat

MAG (says I to myself in my Diary), you are a chump. Here for nearly a score of years you have lived within sight of the Detroit river, and yet for the last ten years you have hardly been out of sight of Belle Isle. What have you been thinking of all this time? Didn't know? That's a poor excuse. You've read to surfeit about the Rhine, the Hudson, Venice and Versailles, yet right here within reach you've seen today scenery the equal in beauty of any in the world.

How magnificent the Detroit and St. Clair rivers! What a grand steamer is the Tashmoo, of the White Star Line!

George came to the house for me in a cute little runabout, loaned him by Charlie Gibson (I must "cultivate" Charlie), and we were at the dock, foot of Griswold street, in no time. The day was beautiful—a June day. I felt like screaming, I was so crazy with excitement. But George didn't know this, I was so prim and precise—wouldn't even let him help me out of the runabout, or take hold

On the Tashmoo

Scene at the Flats—Venice of America

Lighthouse, Belle Isle Park, Detroit

of my arm while crossing the gangplank to the Tashmoo. No, indeed. And all the while I was disappointed that George wasn't a little more masterful, grabbing me and holding tight in spite of my protests. Oh, George, there's a heap you don't know about girls.

Out into the stream we glided, flags flying, band playing. The docks were lined with vessels—some from foreign ports. The smoke stacks of numerous factories were sending curling smoke into the air, and the sounds of trade were swept to us by the cool breeze. Belle Isle, Detroit's island park, on one side, and Peche Isle, belonging to the Domain of Canada, on the other, kept the boat's nose directed to the north where Lake St. Clair beckoned us onward.

George pointed out to me the inlet to the tunnel that supplies Detroit with water. It was a tiny building

Steamer City of Toledo Leaving Detroit at 2:30 Daily for the Flats and Port Huron

Star Island Landing at the Flats

compared to Detroit, but what a work it is doing. Just think of it! Over 500,000 people depending for their water on that insignificant looking inlet. George showed me Lighthouse Point, with the fine building of the Detroit Motor Club near it. And then there was Grosse Pointe Farms,

Looking from the Upper Deck of the Tashmoo at the Flats

with its costly summer residences, peopled by the city's rich folk—all in plain view from the deck of the Tashmoo. Of course I had seen Grosse Pointe before, but never from the deck of a steamer. And it looked different—more entrancing than ever.

The sail across Lake St. Clair was fine; there was so much to see in the way of varieties of vessels. What a sight are the freighters, some of them

"You see," said George, "the steersman can lay his course by this lightship from Windmill Point to the head of the Piers, and he will strike it every time, if he's awake; couldn't miss it, unless he tried pretty hard. That shows how safe navigation here is."

Of course I knew what George meant by "the Piers." That is where the government canal is, connecting the

Cottages at the Flats—Venice of America

holding 12,000 tons—and all built of iron. No, George says they are made of steel plates. (Mem.—I must find out the difference between iron and steel; there my education has been neglected.) And there were sailing yachts, skimming the water like birds; and the motor boats, slipping past us, though the Tashmoo is a speedy boat.

On either side of the course were bobbing buoys or glimmering lights, so no boat can get astray, night or day. And to make it still more safe we passed a lightship, on top of the mast of which was a place for a light.

St. Clair river with Lake St. Clair. It's a cut a little over a mile long, which saves vessels a long detour in order to keep in the channel. At one end is a lighthouse, at the other a range light; and the old cut has timbered sides, while the new one is just dug out of the sand and silt.

"The Flats" is a very unpoetical name; therefore "Little Venice," or "Michigan's Venice," is the proper designation for the City on the Waters at the mouth of the St. Clair river. It is more proper, for Little Venice is a dream of loveliness.

At Little Venice—How Clear the Water!

Everybody Happy at the Flats—Marshland

Think of living in houses built on piles, often over flowing water! Think of going from neighbor to neighbor in boats—the boats about the only means of locomotion except for very short distances. It was a great sight to watch the cottagers, the club people, the hotel guests and the "regular" inhabitants living on little pieces of land in the rear of the more pretentious

The New Rushmere (Private Club) at the Flats

buildings going to and fro, mainly idling their time away in sailing, fishing, or visiting—except where the sound of music showed they were dancing the hours away.

"Who began it?" I asked George. George looked wise, mumbled, hesitated, and then took from his pocket some slips of paper. From these he selected a couple and read:

"Many years ago the Flats began. Silt, brought down by the St. Clair river during freshets, was deposited at its mouth. In the course of time the water shallowed, and finally bars appeared, to which vegetation clung. Between these bars were both deep and shallow holes—ideal places in which fish might spawn or lie in wait for food. The Flats also furnished abundant food for ducks. White hunters saw the natural advantages of the Flats for hunting and fishing, just as the Indians had before them, and built shelters at the three mouths of the river to which they might retire and from which they might sally when the whim took them. These rude shelters gave way, in time, to more pretentious buildings, so that now there is a continuous line of hotels, club houses and summer cottages from Algonac to the Piers—a distance of some eight miles."

There it all was, before us, just as George had read. I noticed summer houses made of old voting booths, and they looked cute. Other homes repre-

Approach to Forster's Landing at the Flats

sented thousands of dollars. And the club houses loomed up, with their collection of outhouses, like sentinels on duty.

Everything at "Little Venice" looked fresh and green. The willow trees, some of them of great girth, made shade; the lawns were like the famed verdure of England; the waves rippled pleasantly all along the docks; and the boats swung idly from their fastenings. Truly it was

A city in the waters,
Where the clamor of the town is forgotten,
And all its weary sights and sounds are lost
In the soft swish of the waves
As they lap gently at the very doorways.
This is America's Venice;
Not splendid with antiquities of crumbling marble,
But sweet and fresh with summer homes.

"Lovely as this Little Venice looks in the daytime, it is at night that it is most beautiful," said George. "Then the running water reflects in zigzag lines the lights streaming from open doors and windows, and the twinkling stars above look down upon a fairy-like scene."

"Thanks for your poetical conception of this paradise," I said demurely.

As we passed and approached the different docks, the cabin boy cried out "Old Club," "Muscamoot," "Star Island," "Rushmere," "Marshland," "Riverside," "Forster's," "Bedore's," or "Muir's," as the case might be, and at each one a group of people got off, generally loaded with baskets, fishing tackle and bait. Some of the men's pockets fairly bulged out with "bait."

Why is it that so many men are not content to enjoy nature, but must load themselves down—and up, sometimes—with these artificial stimulants to a good time? I'm almost tempted to ask George, but probably he knows less about it than I do, even though I've just come out of a "finishing" school.

I was almost persuaded to stop at Tashmoo Park and spend the day, instead of going to Port Huron; but George promised me a special trip to the Park. Little Diary, you shall know all about it later.

After leaving Algonac the river was different. We had passed Maple Leaf, San Souci, and Grand Pointe, where the land lay low on both banks; we had seen a little of Walpole Island, a Canadian Indian reservation; and now we noticed that the banks were growing higher, that the farms extended down to the river, and that the hamlets were becoming numerous.

On the Canadian side of the river were Port Lambton and Stag Island; laden with the wealth of the world; and real George and "me," able to enjoy it all. Again: What a river! what a trip! what a boat!

What I saw in and about Port Huron, Sarnia, Huronia Beach, and on the return trip to Detroit must wait until another day.

P. S.—I like men—they are so innocent. They can't diagnose a smile or a dimple in any way except to think it has been put there for their express benefit. They don't know a

Palmer Park, St. Clair, Mich.

on the American side were Marine City, St. Clair, and finally Port Huron, opposite Port Huron being the Canadian city of Sarnia. Here was variety, novelty and beauty. Stag Island looked a little paradise, with its summer cottages, grand shade trees, quiet nooks and splendid drives. Just think of all this: Real Indians living on their own reservation; real white men cultivating the soil; real town and city folk living their lives amidst such beautiful surroundings; real boats

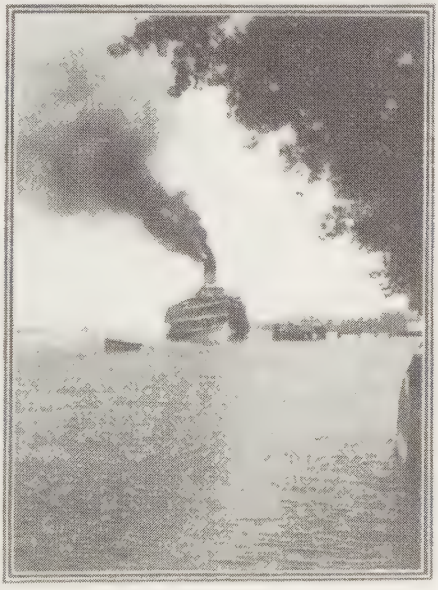
thing about you—your temper or your tastes—and they don't care—it's your complexion, or the color of your eyes, or your "conformation" that attracts them. By the way some of them talk, it appears that eyes, hair, complexion fill the horizon of their desires for a wife. Talk about girls being silly! Can anything be sillier than that? Then immediately they want to get married. Horrors! Think of having to serve tea to one man all your life!

Belle Isle Park Casino, Detroit

What Margery Saw at the Northern Terminus *of the* White Star Line

I COULDN'T have found a nicer companion for this hundred and twenty mile round trip between Detroit and Port Huron than George. He was all attention; was not presuming, and didn't attempt to "show off," or to impress me with his "learning." Chaperone? Not needed on the boats of the White Star line, anyway. The officers take care of the passengers in royal style, and everybody is as good as everybody else, which is as it should be, in a democracy. I know that much, anyway, in spite of my finishing school training.

It was easy to see that Port Huron tries to please its summer visitors, of which it has many, to the advantage of all concerned. Besides, it has a good bit of manufacturing and shipping, that must keep things going nicely when the summer goes and the winter comes. The principal streets are paved, and the cars (5 cents) take visitors from the center of the town to the circumference, especially to the north, where a grand beach stretches for miles, with each settlement having an appropriate name. Among these I noticed such as Gratiot, Huronia, LaSalle and Edison (Edison, the great electrical wizard, used to live in Port Huron).



The Tashmoo Landing at the Flats

This beach is worth remembering. It is fringed with summer homes, and is visited regularly by ice men, grocerymen, butchers, and ice cream men; and many of the houses are electrically lighted and have bathrooms; though one hardly needs a bathroom with the great Lake Huron at one's door. Then there is opportunity to fish or sail, or to explore the woods, or to take a run into town on a shopping trip—something that even summer visitors enjoy. And then there are parties, social gatherings, dancing—all one merry round the whole summer through.

And if one gets the "wanderlust," there is nothing to prevent a visit to a "foreign country" by disembarking at or taking the ferry boat to Sarnia and be transported to a strange land—at least strange in so far as customs are observed. Really the people look different and act different, even though only a river separates them from Uncle Sam's domain. George

North End Taft Club at Tashmoo Park

and I went into a novelty store, and I bought a Dominion spoon—my first collection of these interesting mementoes of travel. I'm going to get one in every place I visit, and then, some day, when I settle down to a humdrum married life, just to look them over will refresh my memory of happy bygone days.

But time—not George—pressed and we hurried back to the Tashmoo just as the whistle was tooting; and soon the boat was headed down stream.

and taking hold of my hand. I felt that way myself. It was just a fairy scene with only one wish, to love and live.

But before this show of affection on the part of George, he took me into the dining room of the Tashmoo and "blew himself" for a swell dinner. It was just grand to be surrounded by such beautiful furnishings, and with the table dressed with silver and cut glass. Then the meal itself—a fish dinner—was so excellent in its ap-

Summer Home at the Flats

The afternoon was waning. Long and longer grew the shadows. The sun set. Lights along the shore began to appear, looking like twinkling stars. In the wake of the boat the white foam glistened. The passing boats resembled Aladdin palaces with their thousands of lights, reflecting themselves in the rushing water alongside. Above, the heavens was one mass of scintillating points. So I didn't blame George for moving his chair on the upper deck close to mine

pointments, the waiter was so courteous, and the dishes were so well cooked, that nothing was wanting. And the view from the windows, too, added to the pleasure of the meal. How, after all this, could one help being in a complacent mood and allowing a moderate amount of "spooning"?

Coming across Lake St. Clair at night, Detroit-bound, is another unforgotten experience. Long before we reached the head of Belle Isle the

The Tashmoo Returning Home in the Evening

lights of the city came into view, the tall buildings, with their wonderful illumination—a light in every window—and the many clusters of 2,000 candle power municipal lights on the top of spindling towers giving it an Arabian Night touch.

"What is electricity?" I asked George. "How much does it weigh? Where does it come from or go to? Is the return current as heavy as the outgoing one?" You see I had picked up these conundrums in my "finishing" school, and they stumped George just as they have stumped Edison and all other electricians.

Still, it is with us, and it lights our houses and boats—for the Tashmoo is electrically lighted, too—and makes the night when on the water a never ceasing pleasure.

Charlie Gibson met us at the wharf, foot of Griswold street, with his runabout, and all three of us were soon at my home. For me it had been an eventful day. I was tired, and just as happy as I was tired. Good night, little Diary.

P. S.—After all, it wouldn't be so bad to be "hitched" to George. He's different from other men—some other men, anyway. Only I wish he had an auto, like Charlie Gibson has. I don't think I could be really happy without a "red devil"—or one of black or brown color; any old color, in fact. Next week George is to take me to Toledo, and Charlie Gibson is to take Clara Stapleton. That will be a nice party—no spooning in public. Of that I am determined. But then, George is SO nice.

At Grand Pointe, St. Clair River

Grand Trunk Railway Excursion Connecting with the Boat at Port Huron for Detroit

From Detroit to Toledo and Return Makes a Splendid Day's Outing

GOING to the wharf, foot of Griswold street, to take the White Star Line steamer Greyhound to Toledo, George interested me in some facts concerning the route which he had seen in a White Star Line annual issued by the company. I had no idea ordinary facts could be made so interesting, but maybe it was the way George told them.

It was just wonderful to know that right down below the boat which we were to take was a great deposit of salt—so great that if we should attempt to exhaust the supply it would be several hundred, if not thousand, years before we accomplished the feat. A thousand feet below, George said. That one fact gave us all—George, Clara Stapleton and Charlie Gibson—something to talk about when, gliding down the river, we watched the smoke from the tall smokestacks on the American side. The brine that was being pumped up was being manipulated, and, from the salty water, in the factories were being made many things

The Tashmoo Leaving Sarnia, Ont., for Port Huron

White Star Line Steamer Greyhound Enroute from Toledo to Detroit

used in commerce. Why, this one fact made every smokestack interesting.

And just think, maybe as many as ten thousand people being employed in this one industry alone—getting that salt to the surface and then extracting from it a multitude of useful products. And it gave me an inkling of at least one reason why Detroit is so great commercially. No city can have within its area so much natural wealth without its boosting along the general prosperity.

States. A foreign country and our "home" country. Why, we even talked about patriotism, and Charlie even quoted Thomas Paine: "The world is my country, and to do good my religion." It sounded rather nice, but it didn't make any too much of "the flag."

Oh, the river! On the Canadian side agriculture predominated; on the American side, manufactures. The smokestacks were mostly on the American side; but Charlie says this will soon be changed, now that the United

On the Hurricane Deck of Steamer at White Star Line Dock, Toledo, Just Ready to Start

Then the river itself helped to make "talk." And a trip with four people is more interesting than a trip with only two acquaintances. I saw the reason, immediately. There are more viewpoints. The same thing looks different to each one of us, and when we begin to compare notes we get results. Thus it was with the river—the Detroit river—the straight, broad and deep river. On one side was Canada, on the other side the United States Steel Corporation has bought thousands of acres just below Windsor, and expects to put up a great steel plant, to cost twenty million dollars. That will change the looks of things.

On the Canadian side of the river we saw, besides Windsor, Sandwich, Petite Cove and Amherstburg; on the American side we saw Ecorse, Delray, Ford, Wyandotte, Trenton and Grosse Ile. There was a wonderful disparity—an interesting disparity, and for quite a

Picnic Party at Sugar Island Park

while we talked about that. Charlie thought it was due to the tariff; George had an idea that the "breed of the brute" played an important part. I didn't know, so I kept my mouth shut; and immediately everybody thought I was wisdom personified and was holding myself in so that I would not outshine their ignorance. No wonder the owl is thought to be so wise—the owl keeps its mouth shut.

was built around the rocky part of the channel, the water pumped out, and the rock blasted away. When something like 3,500,000 tons of rock had been taken out, the water was let in, and behold, a new, straight channel 450 feet wide and over 20 feet deep was there to accommodate the lake traffic. And another $10,000,000 of good American money had been spent in a good cause.

Enjoying Life on Lake Erie

Then the great Livingstone Channel cut. It's wonderful! Across the mouth of the Detroit river is a limestone ledge. It is called Limestone Crossing. Through this the U. S. government long ago cut a channel. But this channel was not sufficient to take care of the increasing navigation. So a new cut was devised—this one entirely in American waters—and the name Livingstone was given it. To make this economically, a coffer dam

What a beautiful place Grosse Ile must be to live on during the summer. It is an island of homes—American controlled. Bois Blanc, Canadian controlled, is just opposite Amherstburg; it has value as a summer resort. But I was more interested in Sugar Island, a White Star line recreation park, which is on my "list" of "things to be seen." I have thus far only viewed it from the deck of the Greyhound, when we stopped to let off a jolly lot

On the Beach at Sugar Island

of women and children bent on a day's picnicking. From what I heard them say when we picked them up again, I guess they were more than well pleased.

We found Toledo a city worth visiting. The sixty mile trip from Detroit was a dream of pleasure. When Northern Ohio's great manufacturing center came into view, a panorama of industrial activity unrolled before us. Clara said "Ah," George and Charlie simultaneously "Fine." I unconsciously squeezed George's arm, which so pleased him that he nearly had a fit. I must be more careful.

"And what are they all so busy about?" I asked George.

Immediately he was all attention. "Metal manipulating works line the river front," said George, "and the factories on the lines of the railways manufacture useful and ornamental things, from automobiles and motorcycles to wringers, sewing machines, wagons, baby carriages and plated ware. In fact Toledo is a city of diversified industries.

"And you will find that the police are especially gentlemanly," continued George. "They were started right by 'Golden Rule Jones,' when he was

Happy Babies at Sugar Island

On the Beach at Sugar Island

St. Mathias Sunday School at Tashmoo Park 1912

mayor, and they have since kept right on being polite and attentive to strangers.

"The citizens pride themselves on their well kept lawns. Great department stores and extensive wholesale houses are on the main business thoroughfares."

George talked "by the book." In fact I found afterward that George wasn't averse to showing his wisdom by quoting extensively—from memory—what he had read in books. But why not?

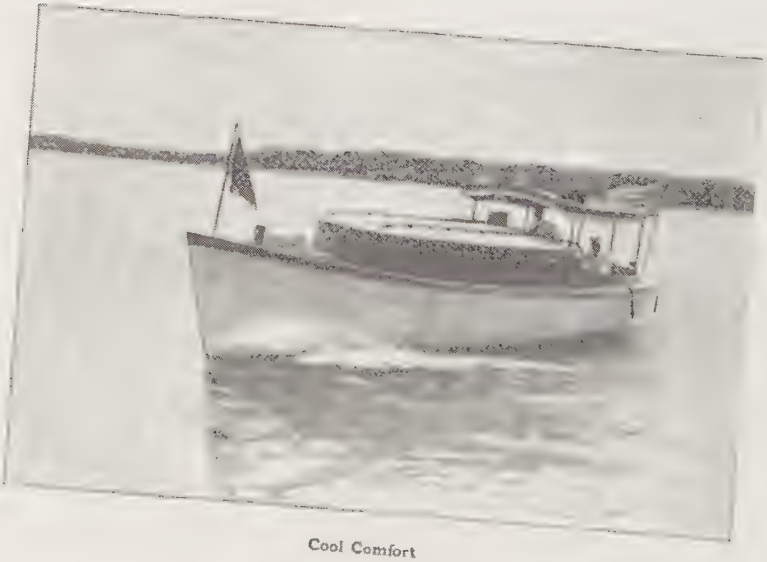
George and Charlie combined purses and hired a taxi. It was the right thing to do, and made the expense for all very reasonable. For the couple of hours that we rode through the residence section of the city, along broad boulevards, we saw much to please, and before the boat started back for Detroit we had stored our memories with brief glimpses of many things to admire and few things to regret.

On the return trip we dined on the boat. And what a jolly party it was. Everything tasted good—seasoned with joy, George said. What does he know about seasoning, anyway? George must be watched. First thing he will be asking me about cooking; and that's where I fall down—flat. But he won't find it out until later. So, there.

It was moonlight—and moon rhymes with spoon. George evidently likes the moon. I am not averse; but I wouldn't let him know it, for worlds. So I sat prim—that is, as prim as possible—and simply ignored the hand squeezing. There was rhythm in the beat of the boat; fleecy clouds gave the moon a soft radiance; the stars never

On Board the Greyhound Bound for Detroit. Delightful on the Lake, Is It Not?

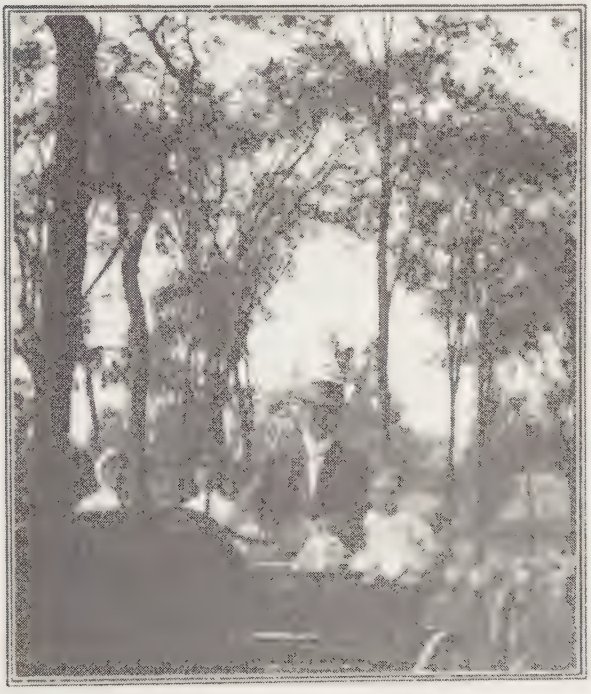
At Sugar Island Park



Cool Comfort

ceased their twinkling; and a langorous tranquillity settled over everything as we swept across the lake—the lake made famous by the great Perry victory, only a few miles away—as we throbbed up the river, and as we rounded at the dock, glad to get back, and doubly glad that we went.

P. S.—I do not think I am of a temperament to enjoy married life. As far as my observation goes, the "before" treatment that unmarried young men give their intendeds is very different from the "after" treatment the wives get. I am not going to say "yes" to the first fellow that comes along, not even if he is rich, not even if my name is Bean. It is delicious to be treated with so much deference while fluttering on the paternal stem. I'm a "deb," all right, but the announcement of my engagement is a long way off.



At Sugar Island Park

New Pavilion Built at Tuckahoe Park. STEEL ARCH CONSTRUCTION. [illegible] Feet Clear Hardwood Dancing Surface. No Posts.

Tashmoo Park *and* Sugar Island

HUMAN beings must be amused, and I'm a human being. Then why not go where amusements are furnished human beings?

George proposed it. He said I'd find it jolly fun, and I took him at his word. So off we started on the steamer Tashmoo, of the White Star Line, for Tashmoo Park. The glimpse we obtained of the Park while on our trip to Port Huron showed that here was a place to find summer recreation.

The thirty mile trip from Detroit, the arrival at the Tashmoo Dock, the bathing beach, the dancing pavilion, the swings, teeters, merry-go-rounds—everyone of them gave zest to the day. Here are sixty acres, divided into athletic field and grove and bathing beach. Around the athletic field are booths, where the Indians from Walpole Island come and sell trinkets—bows and arrows, canes, deliciously scented little baskets, moccasins and other pieces of Indian handicraft—most of them crude, but most certainly "hand-made."

These Indians made as deep an impression on me as any other one thing, because they are "real Indians," and also because they are so different from the Indians of fiction. They lack everything that makes the Indian of history so popular and—unreal. The men are stupid; they can neither hunt nor fish. The women are stolid;

Children's Safety Beach

Bathing Beach, Tashmoo Park

they lack all the essentials of feminine beauty except that the young ones have a pretty roundness. Not a single one of them showed any evidence of hopefulness. They are provided with enough to eat, have sufficient clothes to cover their nakedness, and are not worth, to any community, the space they occupy.

And it is all this that makes them worth studying as they saunter about the athletic field or try to make a sale. I wouldn't have missed this sight of a fast vanishing race for worlds—a race that is so well taken care of by the Canadian Government that it is sure to die out from laziness and lack of ambition.

The restaurant serves light lunches, tea and coffee, ice cream and cakes. The band gives free music to those who desire to dance. The numerous lunching tables furnish ample accommodations to those who bring their own lunches. There are motor and row boats that can be had for hire by those desiring to take a ride on the river. To recline under the trees and watch the commerce of the lakes also has its fascinations. And what more than this can any pleasure point furnish?

Tashmoo Park, in fact, is unexcelled by any other excursion grounds on the Great Lakes. It combines all the pleasures of rural life, land and water.

SUGAR ISLAND

"George," I remarked to him just a week after he had done the honors of Tashmoo Park, "I'm just dying to see Sugar Island. Everybody who has

Excursionists Enjoying the Beach at Sugar Island Park

gone there is always telling me how splendid it is. So I've got you 'on the list,' for an excursion, next week. All my girl chums are going, and each one has promised to bring an escort; only I only promised to try."

"Sure thing," said George, bravely. "I'm not afraid of your girl friends, or their escorts, either. We'll have a bang-up time, and before we get through I'll take you to a historic spot on a foreign shore."

to dance. The music is furnished free. There is a lunch room and a rest room for tired mothers, and an immense new shelter building, and it is naturally a favorite picnic place for society, church, Sunday school, lodge, club and family excursions. The view from the island is magnificent. Looking toward Lake Erie, the land fades from view—the horizon meets the quivering blue-green water. The smoke from the funnels of incoming and outgoing

At Sugar Island Park

That sounded good, and let me tell you, little Diary, the experiences were as pleasurable as the anticipation of them. And that is saying a lot.

Sugar Island, I found, was at the mouth of the Detroit River twenty miles from Detroit. It was round, like an old-fashioned sugar loaf, with a beautiful bathing beach, and well shaded. Here the White Star Line has put up a pavilion 100 x 140 feet, 14,000 feet of floor space for those who wish

steamers rests in long streaks, and the tooting of the tugs and dredges working at the channels keeps the pleasure seekers in touch with the world.

And we took our trip to "foreign lands," even though it was only Canada. Amherstburg would be worth seeing even if it wasn't under a foreign flag. It is a historic town, where once a fort commanded the approach to the Detroit River. This has long since disappeared, but the

Opening of Livingstone Channel—Steamer William Livingtone, First Vessel to Use Channel, Entering "Rock Cut"—October 19, 1912

stump of the flagstaff from which floated the ensign of Great Britain still remains—a silent reminder of a loyal people who, rather than break with Great Britain, after the revolution, sold their possessions in the States and came to Amherstburg to live.

The town still contains reminders of this allegiance to royalty of people who would rather be ruled by a king than rule themselves through a republican president.

On the return trip we had another view of Lvingstone channel. Only we wondered whether or not the huge piles of stone that now line the channel would ever be boated away. No one seemed to know, not even the boat's officers.

What a pleasant ride was that up the river toward home; and what a beautiful sight when the lights of the city appeared:

"Dear lights o' town that gleam and glow
Between the shores where waters flow;
Dear, gloaming lights that, twinkling, call
Of love and home at evenfall,
When sunlight fades in misty haze,
And sadness haunts the woodland ways."

Pine River, St. Clair

P. S.—Seems to me it would be an awful bore to be married. I told this to George, when he was in a sentimental mood, from looking at the moon, I guess, and he wanted to know why.

"You would have to cut out so much," I replied, "walks with Harry, rides with Charlie, theaters with Julian, and,

Afternoon at Belle Isle Park, Detroit

oh, lots of others. It seems to me that if I cut all that out life wouldn't be much more lively than a missionary tea."

"But isn't it nice to be loved?" asked George, grimly.

I told him I was loved—father, mother, brother Tom and my uncles.

"But by one person," he persisted. I told him that one person couldn't love you as much as half a dozen. Then he said I was selfish, and it began to look as if we would have a real lively conversation; but just then Tessie came along and the subject was dropped. But I can see George is determined to take it up again. How selfish he is. I know he wants me to "concentrate" my love. Well, I'll think about it.

Drinking Fountain, Detroit

Canal Bridge, Belle Isle Park, Detroit

Detroit a Prosperous *and* Beautiful City

TELL me all you know about Detroit, George Thompson, and don't omit a single item of interest," was my command to my comrade, while spinning out toward Grosse Pointe, one sunny July afternoon.

George looked surprised. "How much time will you give me?" he asked. "You know that's a pretty big subject."

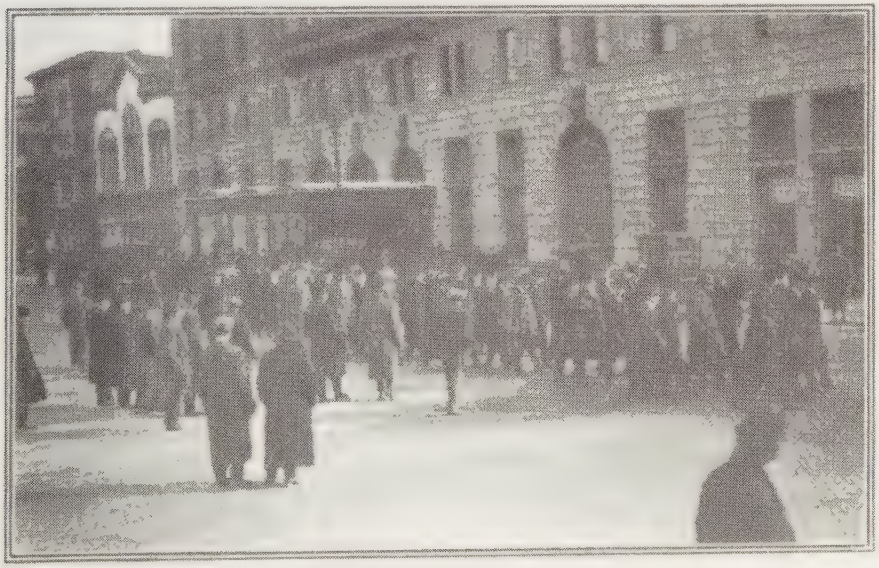
"Could you talk continually about Detroit for 15 minutes?" I asked.

"Lord, it would take me a week to tell you all I know," he answered.

"Well, suppose you write it down and 'submit' it in manuscript form?"

"Good. I'll do it. You'll be a wise woman in, well, say a week. But I want to look up a point or two."

George "looked up" his "point or two," and one evening he took a neat package out of his pocket, the center of which was a box of sweets. But it was the wrapping that most interested me, for it was George's promised story of Detroit. I wouldn't look at it while he was in the room, but that same evening, when alone, I slipped off the rubber and read; the label:



Detroit Board of Commerce Members Leaving Pontchartrain Hotel to Lay Cornerstone of Their New Building, February 18, 1913

Belle Isle Park Animals

"TO THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN DETROIT ABOUT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CITY IN THE WORLD."

Detroit is a beautiful, prosperous and wealthy city. And it is the headquarters of the White Star Line of boats running between Port Huron, Detroit and Toledo. Here Nature and Art have combined to present something unusually attractive. Located —it gradually slopes upward from the

Wayne Hotel and Gardens on the Detroit River

on a deep and broad river—the Detroit water until its outline is lost in the hills of Oakland County, to the north. Its avenues radiate from a common center, and its broad thoroughfares are broken into by numerous parks. Surrounding the city is a great Boulevard, one end resting on the Detroit river on the west and the other connecting with a bridge connecting Belle Isle with the main land, on the east. Along this great sweep of four-

teen miles are located some of Detroit's most luxurious residences. Toward the east, on the shores of Lake St. Clair, is a colony of Detroit millionaires, their summer residences vieing in beauty with many of those at the seaside resorts of the East.

How Detroit came to be laid out in the manner it is, makes an interesting story. In 1800—that is 113 years ago—Detroit was only a village. It had grown up around what was once a government fort, and the streets were narrow and crooked. In 1805 a fire devoured the village, obliterating the lot lines, and Congress, to quiet titles, empowered the governor and the judges of the territory to lay out the place anew. This they did, after the style of Versailles, France. In consequence there is a fixed business center, which may grow larger but cannot shift. And in consequence land values remain constant and remove the

Canoe Life at Belle Isle Park, Detroit

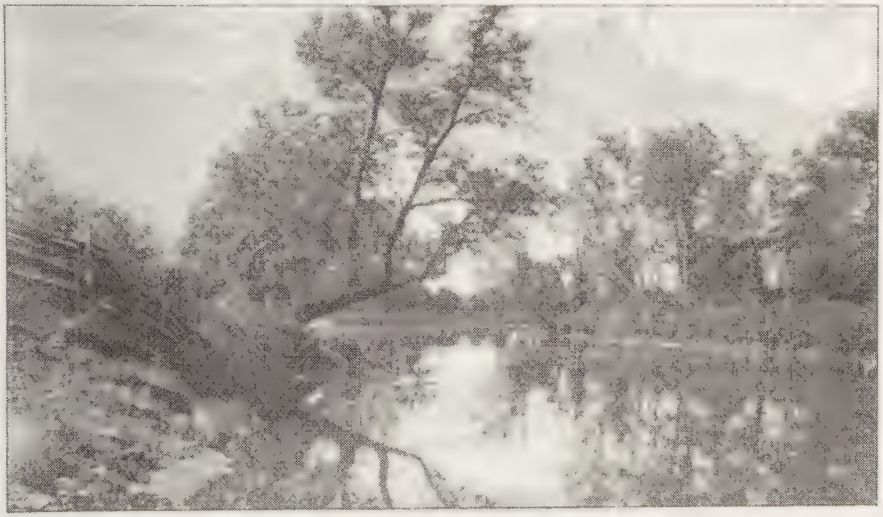
element of speculation; for it is only necessary to know how many persons pass a given point in a given time to determine the value of that particular lot.

Slowly for 50 years the city grew, increasing from half a square mile to ten square miles and from a few hundred to 50,000 population. Today the city covers 41½ square miles, with over 550,000 people living within this area—12,000 to the square mile, on the average, though there are some districts where the numbers run up to 50,000 to the square mile.

it to outstrip its competitors. Later it became the center of the trade in pharmaceutical preparations, and when some statistical genius showed how many million "pills" were annually turned out of its factories, it astonished the world.

Then the brass industry was attracted here, until today nearly a hundred corporations are industriously changing copper and lead and zinc and aluminium into articles of beauty and utility.

Finally when the invention of the automobile made explosive power



Channel at the Flats

Why this great growth? Because of a happy combination of circumstances; a location unsurpassed for beauty and healthfulness, and with natural and artificial facilities for handling the raw material of commerce and turning it into the finished product. As the country grew, long headed business men saw how well Detroit was located for economically reaching the markets of the world, and the business of making stoves, ranges and furnaces early acquired a foothold that enabled

plants commercially available, and the horseless wagon assumed a prominence in the world of pleasure and utility that was startling. Detroit also "captured" this great business, and millions of dollars of capital were poured into the business, and tens of thousands of automobiles annually carried the tale of Detroit's prominence in the commercial world to the ends of the earth. Now the great majority of automobiles made in North America are made in Detroit, and something

Catching Whitefish for the Spawn, Upper End of Belle Isle Park, Detroit

like 400,000 "red devils," or "devils" of some other color, made by Detroit skill and sent out by Detroit enterprise will make the name of "The City of the Straits" a household word.

But Detroit has other industries. It makes 10,000,000 gallons of paint annually. It manufactures 250,000,000 cigars. It employs 10,000 people manipulating the brine pumped from a thousand feet below the surface into the chemicals of commerce. It mined 675,000 barrels of rock salt in 1912. It pierces the bowels of the earth with its steel pipes, and up gushes red hot mineral water used to wash away the pains of rheumatism, and to get out of the system other foul matter.

Detroit is also the greatest ship-building point on the Great Lakes. It is first in varnish manufacture. It manufactures 90 per cent of the adding machines of the world. And 70 per cent of the overalls worn by wage workers are turned out from this center. It manufactures anti-toxins and serums by the thousands of doses a day, and thus aids up-to-date physicians to fight disease with the very latest weapon created by science and patient investigation.

Altogether there are over 135,000 wage workers in Detroit receiving close to $100,000,000 a year in wages, and turning out about $300,000,000 worth of goods. They pay out to merchants two-thirds of this great sum, and the landlord class absorb 20 per cent of it for rent or in the way of installments for homes. Just how many wage workers own their own homes is not known, but the fact remains that it takes annually close to 80,000 tax receipts to satisfy the demands of tax payers.

Landscape View

While there are many apartment houses and flats in Detroit, yet a majority of the people live in single residences, with a bit of grass plat in front and a yard and alley in the rear. Nearly 4,000 single family residences were built in Detroit in 1912. Long rows of tenements separated only by thin walls are still the exception. There are tenement districts, and slums, but the great majority of the people are not at all crowded as

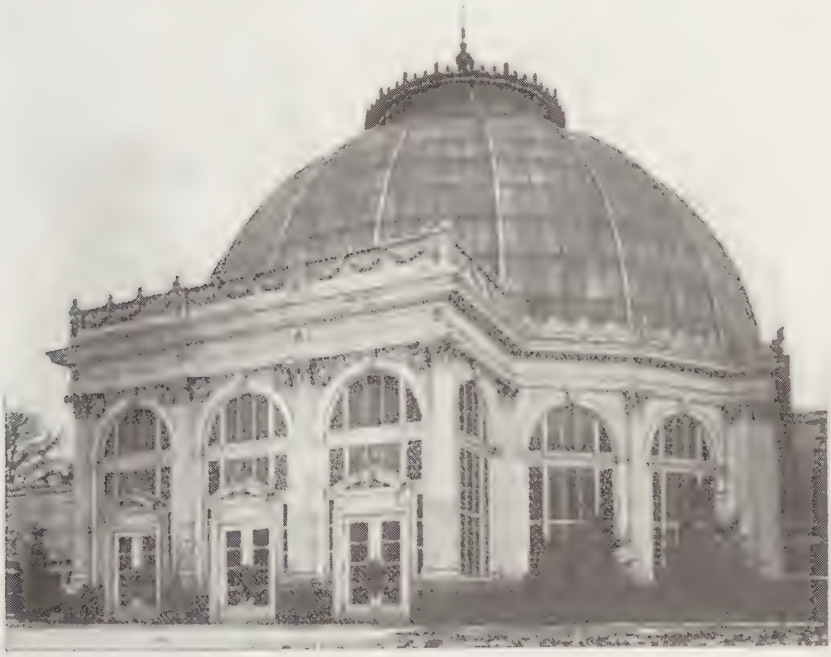
Flag of Flowers, Clark Park, Detroit

compared to many other cities, and in consequence the people enjoy better health.

Such public utilities as water and public street lighting are municipally owned. Some sections of the city are heated by central heating plants, doing away with considerable smoke and the accumulation of ashes. And the broad avenues, while expensive to pave and maintain, still return to the city in accommodations and beauty, much more than they cost over narrower streets.

The continual addition to the number of Detroit's great office buildings is constantly changing the sky line. A few years ago a sixteen-story building was an object of curiosity and conversation. Now there are several buildings over nineteen stories, and others are in contemplation, among them a great hotel, with rooms for as many guests as all the other first-class Detroit hotels combined. However the building with the greatest number of "stories" is not the new Dime Savings bank, but—the public library, as usual. See?

Detroit is the seventh city in population in the United States.



Horticultural Building, Belle Isle Park, Detroit

It is sixth in manufactures, fifth in building construction and fourth in Central West clearings.

Belle Isle is Detroit's magnificent $5,000,000 park. Located in the Detroit river, opposite the eastern end of the city, its 700 acres have been beautified with driveways for vehicles, embowered pathways for those on foot, and meandering waterways on the bosom of which, on a holiday, a thousand gaily decorated canoes silently glide. The lower end of the island has been embellished by the arts of man; the upper end has been left in a state of nature, save that the underbrush has been cleared away, the low

Finest Fishing in the World at the Flats—Venice of America

places drained, and pathways cut through across which squirrels and wild birds are constantly seen flitting.

At the lower end is a cement built casino, where dinners, lunches and light refreshments are served. A little farther along is an aquarium containing samples of the domestic and foreign fish of the world—an aquarium unexcelled in interest by any other one in this country.

the cowardly looking hyena, and the cute fox have their appointed runways where they watch and can be watched.

Swings and merry-go-rounds are in abundance, and there is a pen from which Shetland ponies may be hired for short jaunts through the park.

Besides Belle Isle, Detroit has many other parks. The chief one among these is Palmer Park, a gift of Hon. Thos. W. Palmer to the city, located on

Governor Pingree Monument, Grand Circus Park, Detroit

There is also a conservatory filled with exotic plants; and the menagerie includes the most of the known animals of the world. There are bear pits, deer preserves, great cages full of eagles, owls, vultures, crows, hawks, etc. The streams contain cranes, swans, many varieties of duck, and other water animals from strange lands. Here also can be seen the buffalo, the elk, the moose and the stately ostrich; and the crafty wolf,

its northern boarder. It has a beautiful lakelet, with a miniature lighthouse; it contains a dancing pavilion with plenty of seats and tables for picnicking; and it has winding roadways overhung with great shade trees.

Then there is Grand Circus Park, in the center of the city, containing monuments to two of Detroit's distinguished mayors—H. S. Pingree and Wm. C. Maybury. Washington Boulevard, also in the center of the city, also

View at St. Clair, Mich.

Plant of the Diamond Crystal Salt Co.

contains monuments to distinguished men. In the very center of the city, opposite the city hall, is a soldiers' monument. And Clark, Cass, Capitol Square, Gladwin and other parks afford breathing spaces for a great many thousand people who can reach them without going far from home.

These parks and boulevards help to make the city the beautiful metropolis

night all the car lines carry passengers for this low rate. The time is coming when these public utilities will cease to be run for profit, and will carry passengers and perform all public services at cost. And Detroit, owing to the educational agitation which has for so long been carried on, will be among the first of our cities to take charge of all public utilities.

Log Cabin, Palmer Park, Detroit

it is. From the tops of the tall buildings the city looks to be embowered in foliage, for not a few of the streets have four rows of trees, and some of them have little parklets down their center.

While the street transportation facilities are not all they should be, owing to various causes, it must not be forgotten that 30 per cent of those who are compelled to use street cars, pay only three cents (eight tickets for 25 cents) for their rides; and morning and

P. S.—After I had copied all of the above in my Diary, for future reference, I thought: My, George knows a thing or two, after all. He has been so persistent in trying to please me, that perhaps I might, with profit, consider him a little—just a little—closer than a friend. Companionship is delightful, but does it pay to bank on it in marriage? I have been looking around. Every time I see a husband and wife spat, my heart sinks. Guess I'll think about it a little more.

Base Ball, Navin Field, Detroit

Children's Day, Belle Isle Park, Detroit (1911—June 2)

The White Star Line's Magnificent Boats

THE White Star Line fleet of steamers consists of five magnificent boats. These are the Tashmoo, City of Toledo, Greyhound, Owana and Wauketa. Each one was especially designed and built for lake service and the excursion trade. For this reason the decks are spacious and amply provided with rockers and easy chairs.

Vibration has been almost done away with on these boats. The steamer runs on an even keel, no matter how often or suddenly the passengers shift from side to side in their pursuit of fine views. This is accomplished by a water ballast system which automatically changes the center of gravitation, so that the boat is always on even keel.

A Bit of Belle Isle Boulevard, Detroit

The dining rooms make lavish displays of cut glass and silverware, and fish, frog and chicken dinners are furnished at modest cost, with first-class service. Stewards and cooks have been selected with an eye single to the satisfaction of White Star Line patrons.

When one stretches his legs under the mahogany of one of these boats he can rest assured that no pains will be spared to make his visit agreeable.

The steamers have beautifully furnished parlors, each one of which can accommodate a party of twelve. Here, in complete privacy the passengers may, through plate glass windows, enjoy the scenery, or, with drawn curtains, be as secluded as may be desired. Each one of these rooms contains all the conveniences, including hot and cold water.

Long years of constant catering to the excursion and tourist trade have

Listening to the Band at Belle Isle Park, Detroit

given the necessary experience to in so perfect a manner meet the wants, needs and desires of the traveling public.

Staunch boats, fast boats, roomy boats, luxuriously furnished boats—all of these good points and others as well are to be found on the White Star line of steamers.

The management prides itself on living up to its time tables—having its boats arrive and leave on time- and it is seldom if ever any fault of these officers if patrons do not catch trains, or the dinner at home gets cold waiting for belated guests.

And, best of all, it is still true that although the White Star Line has carried millions of passengers, not a single one has lost his or her life while traveling on these boats.

P. S.—George wrote about the White Star Line boats. He insisted that my Diary needed this additional information to round out the story of investigating Detroit and vicinity through the aid of the White Star Line. I'm glad I had him for company. The excursions have made the summer pass pleasantly, and we have had cool days on the water instead of hot days on the land.

I just had to say "Yes," because George wouldn't take "No" for a final answer. I really don't believe my education is fully completed, even yet; but I hope to know more when I am Mrs. George Thompson. That sounds better than Mag Bean.

Scene at Star Island, St. Clair Flats

The Tashmoo Has Arrived at Port Huron

Service

The Story of a Store

¶ Twelve hundred or more people in these "Two Big Stores in One" are constantly asking—"How can we serve you?"

¶ As long as a man or a woman, a boy or a girl is a part of this organization, so long is the thought of service ever before them.

¶ From the basements to the top floors every least activity of the stores is subjected to the service test.

¶ Service has brought more merchandise, more salespeople, more elevators, more delivery automobiles—service, we feel, will be its own reward

¶ Service is in one word the story of this store—a clear, straight-forward, human story for all the world to read.

The J. L. Hudson Co.

Two Big Stores in One

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CORNER JACKSON AND ST. CLAIRE STREETS

Two Blocks From Dock. Near Valentine Theatre

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OUTSIDE ROOMS

Rates $1.00

With Private

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IS THE MOST CENTRALLY LOCATED HOTEL IN **TOLEDO**

Corner of Summit and Madison

Only Two Blocks from Boat Landing

150 Rooms, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25—50 Rooms with Private Bath

SEVERCOOL & HAMILL

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Moderate Prices Excellent Food Good Service

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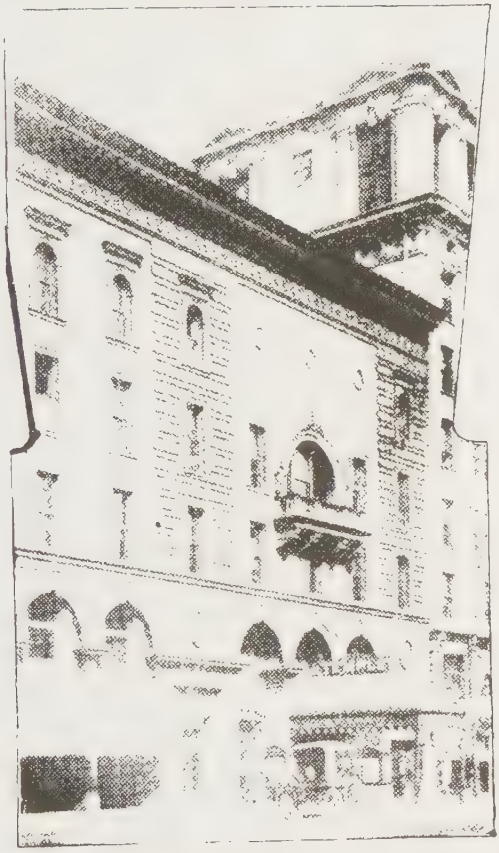

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During the ten years of its existence it has buried the ghost of decollete variety, enlisted the support of the real people, and established a standard in entertainment and operation to which few theatres of any class ever attain.

THERE IS A REASON

Things do not come by chance. There must be a reason—in fact, there are several of them for this astonishing superiority and success of the Temple.

A physical reason, for instance, is the building itself, solid as the Eternal Hills, and as safe as steel, stone and brick can make it. Not a bit of "gingerbread" anywhere but solidity and elegance everywhere.

Perfect ventilation insured by elaborate machinery that washes away all impurities. Always pure cool air—not a headache in a hundred nights at the Temple.

Every sanitary device known to modern construction.

An auditorium of rare beauty.

Everywhere quiet elegance and comfort, with a service of matrons, ushers and superintendents to assist and protect every visitor from six to sixty years old

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Clean, smart, clever shows in which all the great stars and specialty artists appear—popular prices never changing, and you have a combination that is irresistible.

Daily Matinees, All Seats 25c Curtain at 2:15 **Evenings, 15, 25, 35 and 50 Cents**– Curtain at 8:15

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If interested send for catalog C

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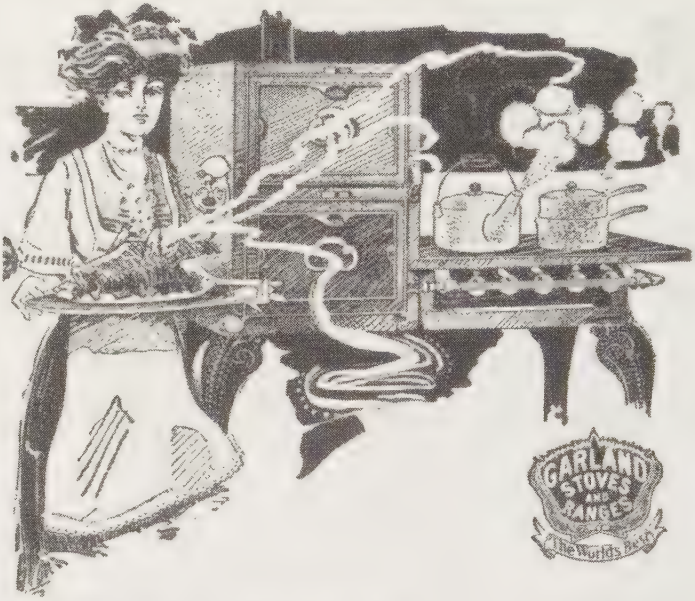

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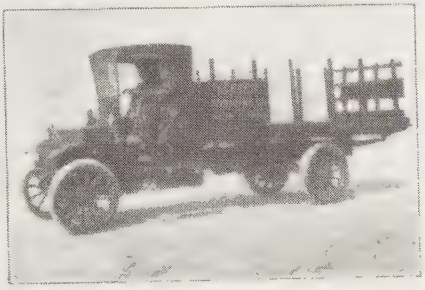
Just Two Blocks from White Star Line Steamers, Detroit, Mich.
Opposite Interurban Waiting Room



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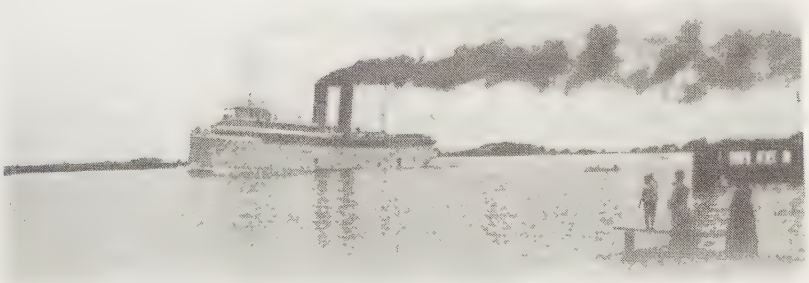

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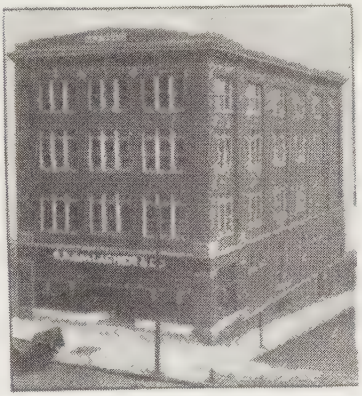

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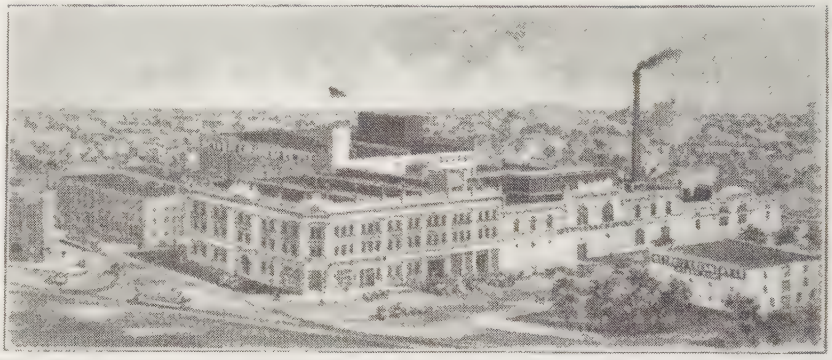

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE IMMENSE

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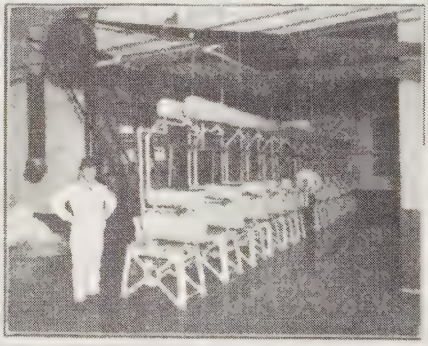
Covering almost an entire square block. One of the chief commercial sights of the city.

Don't miss it.

Here is Where "Velvet Brand" Ice Cream is Made

Visitors to the city will surely enjoy eating "VELVET BRAND" Ice Cream. Served wherever quality comes first



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The battery of freezers has a capacity of 30,000 gallons of Velvet Brand Ice Cream daily. Absolute purity is maintained in its manufacture. Ice milk, sweet cream, finest cane sugar, pure fruit extracts or fresh fruit for flavoring

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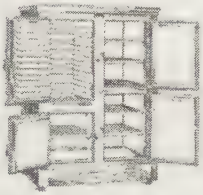

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Had mixed them with a magic wand,
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To put into these luscious bites."

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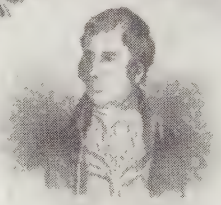

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Gives a perfect luster. Just like new.
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THE QUALITIES YOU MOST DESIRE IN THE PIANO FOR YOUR HOME ARE THE QUALITIES FOUND IN THE SUPERB

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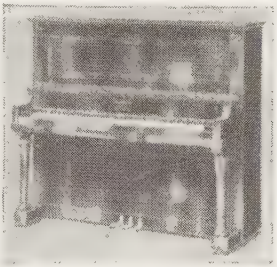
This is the eleventh consecutive season that Grinnell Bros. (own make) Pianos have been used on the Steamers of the White Star Line and at Tashmoo Park



And this very fact is an evidence of splendid worth—for certainly no instrument which was not built right in every part could, day in and day out, continue giving perfect satisfaction under the trying conditions to which these Pianos are subjected. Yet so fully have these instruments met every demand made upon them—so wholly have they pleased the patrons and management of the White Star Line that they have been used year after year for eleven consecutive years

Built in Our Own Factories—Under Our Own Supervision—Backed by the Strongest Guarantee Ever Written—A Number of Beautiful Designs, Grand and Upright, to Choose From—Sold Only Through Our Own Stores, and at Factory-to-You Price—Very Easy Payments Arranged

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething

Just as Good as Ever

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And Now I am Using it for My Baby"—

Thus Spoke the Young Mother

Nights of Painful Watching with poor, sick crying children can be avoided by the use of **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.** It relieves the little sufferer from pain, Softens the Gums, Cures Wind Colic, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, Corrects Acidity, and during the process of teething it is invaluable.

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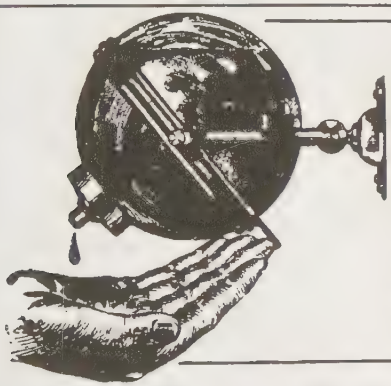

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Tilt the globe with ends of fingers, as illustrated, and fresh, pure, uncontaminated liquid soap—never used by anybody else—drops into your palm.
It makes washing sanitary, cleanly, expeditious, economical—and offers the only method that does not conflict with hygienic rules—and just as perfect as the use of your own individual hair brush, tooth brush, etc.

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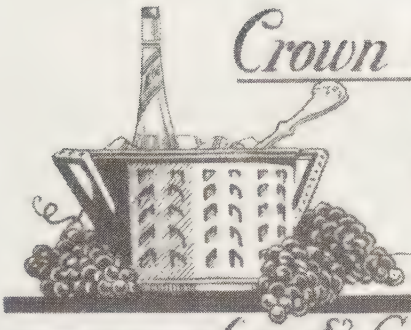

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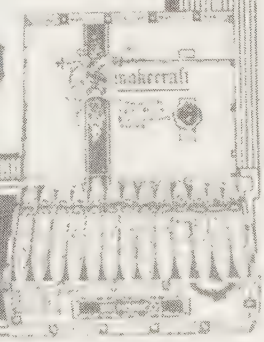

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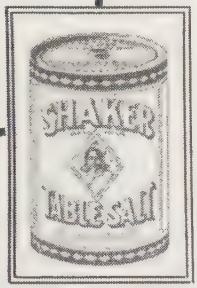

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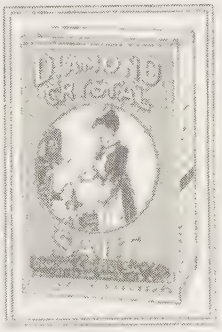

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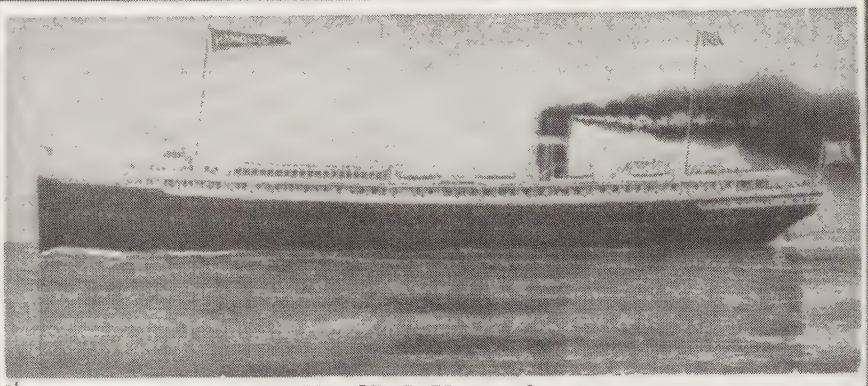

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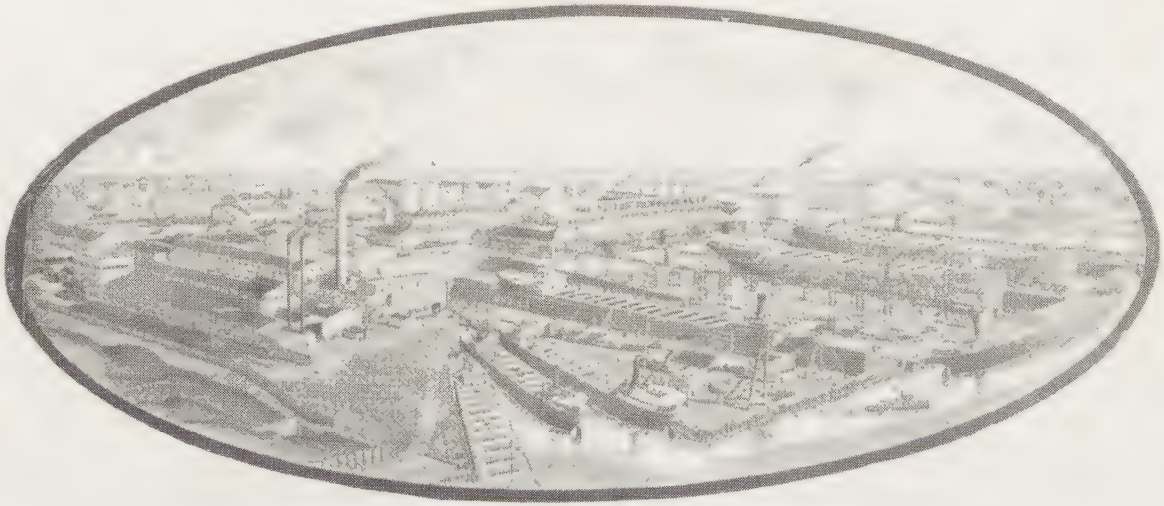

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